

There's a Place in the Whiskey

Gretchen Wilson

There's a place in the whiskey
Where I don't give a damn
I just love everybody
And everybody loves who I am
Bartender, hit me; won't you get me
To that place in the whiskey?

Yeah, there's a place in the whiskey
A few more shots from here
Where the spirits hit me
And all my troubles disappear
Bartender hit me; won't you get me
To that place in the whiskey?

Well, you know I'm there when you hear me yell that hillbilly
High lonesome sound
Raisin' hell with a rebel yell; just turn that music up if I get
t too loud
Bring me another round

Yeah, there's a place in the whiskey
Where I like to smoke
Everything you got, baby
I got the fire down below
Well, let's just face it: we're both wasted
In that place in the whiskey

Well, there's a place in the whiskey
Nothin' else makes sense
But to party, party, party, party, party, party, party
Till all my money's spent
Bartender, hit me, won't you get me to that place in the whiskey?
Bartender hit me (Who's comin' with me?) to that place in the whiskey?